

ガレナ 王国 興国記

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Records of the Kingdom of Garudeina's Rise to Power

– Garudeina –

- Book 1 -

Dragunir Rebirth and Meeting Destiny

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– SYNOPSIS –

A world where swords, bows, and magic flutter about.

Amagi Shigehisa, who was taking his university entrance exams, suddenly transferred into such a world without any warning.

As the strongest race, Dragunir.

Who and for what purpose? Without harboring this question for long, Shigehisa confronts an excessively heartless and harsh reality.

Shigehisa transferred into the North Tenshia Continent.

There, with the exception of humans, the Beast people like the Wolfmen tribe, Tigermen tribe, and others, experience extreme discrimination and oppression, and are forced into a life-threatening lifestyle every day.

Thus, Shigehisa made a decision.

“By my own means, I will make a kingdom for the sake of fluffiness!”

Because of a man who possesses a lifespan and power unmatched by humans, a battle which involves the whole continent starts.

Shigehisa, revising his name to “Georg Stanford”, the protagonist in a RPG he played during his high school days, brings together the beast people from every place in the continent.

PROLOGUE

“...ha?”

In a certain plain, in a certain country, the one youth that stood there raised an idiotic sound.

“What place... eh? ha? eh? I don’t understand... hai?”

The young man, who still had a look of confusion despite surveying the vicinity, looked around and then at himself with fear and unease.

“What is this...”

Looking at his open palm, it’s slightly flexible, with a trace of hardness. Looking at his body, it resembles silver armor polished like a mirror, and there are swords hanging on both sides of his waist.

“...Swords?”

After pulling them out of their sheaths, he looked to see the slender red and blue sword each had a transparent appearance like glass.

While looking closely, thinking what are these, his head suddenly felt a shock as if getting stuck by a blunt weapon.

“Ge...ha...”

And then information, knowledge, began to overflow into his mind.

Something that wasn’t his, nor should have been.

However, as if from far away, common knowledge, as though inherited from his ancestors, became familiar. He began to erode, and he began to lose himself. Such a feeling attacked him.

“No...stop! ...Someone...someone save...me...”

With no one answering such a voice, the young man lost consciousness.

CHAPTER 1

SITUATION CONFIRMATION

“U...n...”

The young man wakes up. Just how long did he lose consciousness for?
Seeing that the surrounding brightness didn't change much, it doesn't seem like a long time...as long as the date didn't change.

The headache subsided, and information about this world and thus himself formed in his mind. Slowly regaining his composure, he tried to grasp the present situation.

“Status.”

Muttering like so, his own information flowed into his mind

Name	Undecided	[Skill]	
Race	Dragunir	Swordsmanship	Lv10
Sex	Male	Martial Arts	Lv10
Age	17	Fire Magic	Lv10
Level	525	Wind Magic	Lv10
HP	25550	Water Magic	Lv10
MP	25550	Earth Magic	Lv10
STR	12500	Light Magic	Lv10
VIT	12500	Dark Magic	Lv10
AGI	12500		
INT	12500		
LUC	500		

Dragon King's Might (Obstruct the movement of enemies with a lower level than you.
Active Control)

Debuff Immunity (Poison, Paralysis, Confusion etc. debuffs are negated. Continuous
Passive)

Sage (Magic MP consumption halved, chanting omission, increased MP regeneration. Continuous Passive)

Dragon Transfiguration (Changes into the shape of a dragon, ability to fly, all stats increase, Dragon King's Might automatically activates. Active Control)

Human Transfiguration (Can be used when changed into a dragon, returns to the shape of a human, scales become clothing, or can become armor)

Probably CounterStop, an unbelievable cheat.

(TL: Don't know what CounterStop is? Your on the right site to find out)

For some reason or another, he is able to perceive that the "Lv" attached to skills maxes out at 10; normally, in order to raise one skill to Lv10, it is possible to do so by devoting 30 to 40 years of time to training, at least for talented people.

Probably, his current calmness is due to the effects of a skill. Dumping all that knowledge into him at once, forcing him to recognize reality, and making himself realize who he is and his current state. But, as long as he has this monster-like status, he believes he'll somehow manage.

As for his race, which is bothering him the most, it seems that he involuntarily graduated from a human. However, this race called Dragunir seems to be very rare.

Some features of this race consist of silver hair and blue eyes, physical ability far surpassing humans, magical ability, and a lifespan exceeding 2000 years.

The population is extremely small, prejudiced towards humans, and can only live in remote locations.

For similar races, there seems to be the Dragonewt; like the Dragunir who call themselves Dragonmen, they call themselves half-Dragonmen. The difference between them seems to be in their ability to transform into a dragon or not. Though larger in numbers than the Dragunir, they don't actively concern themselves with humans, but they also establish many villages with limited sizes. (Because their ability surpasses humans, humans don't offer a helping hand)

Historically, there have been extremely rare cases when the Dragunir concern themselves with humans, but those people leave a hero-like reputation of "Silver hair

and blue eyes are loyal and brave, thus it is a sign of nobility. They and their allies control the whole country” as a legend passed down for generations.

In short, an ancestral cheat ability.

“Fumu...”

Becoming calm to the point of scaring himself, he accepted that he become such a dreadful being.

“Magical Race, so...”

He used magic silently. A mirror appeared before his eyes (a pseudo light-magic like object), and there his figure was seen.

“Silver hair, blue eyes, height about 180 centimeters, face is... because this world’s sense of beauty is the same as my old world, quite good...I guess.”

Straight and articulate nose, slightly long and narrow dignified eyes, shoulder-length hair braided at the back, silver armor that covered the body with balanced muscular proportions.

If this is the original Japan, he would’ve made a living as a model.

And regarding the swords hanging from both sides of his body, he knows, no, he was made to know.

Beautiful transparent dual swords, which with one glimpse, made him think whether they are made of coloured glass or not.

The red sword is “Flame Sword Aries”.

The blue sword is “Ice Sword Leona”.

Made of ultra-dense magical crystals and crowned with this world’s gods’ name, these two swords of different genders, are harder than any kind of metal and certainly are a highly efficient medium for magic use. Undoubtedly two famous swords unmatched in this world.

“Even giving me such things, what does god want me to do?”

Who called a person like him into such a world and for what reason? No, in the first place, did the Japan from his original world actually exist? He began to harbor such doubts.

A butterfly's dream.

(TL: A legend where a person dreams that they are a butterfly and then wakes up. They do not know whether they dreamed of a butterfly, or a butterfly is dreaming it is a person.)

This legend comes to mind.

But, there are no memories of living in this world and clearly some memories of his time in Japan.

Amagi Shigehisa. Other than the old-fashioned name, he is a completely ordinary high school student. The only son of a middle-class family. He had no female childhood friend living next door, he dated and broke up with some girls, had no outstanding grades, had a reasonably good degree of physical ability, and was no more than a young man with an ordinary life.

However, such memories already feel like they are old.

He is a dragunir. Surpassing all living things, an absolute ruler who does not permit opposition.

Right now, an existence with most pronounced succession of the perished pure-blooded dragon's blood.

There are memories of the time in Japan in the "parallel world", but the yearning to go back, and not to mention the sadness over the fact that he "cannot return", doesn't exist.

Yes, what he should do to "himself" is...

"Wrong!!"

What is suddenly eroding his mind?

“I am myself!!...Not any other person...”

The chaos of his memories; it can only be expressed in this way.

The memory of living as a Japanese person and this world's information, knowledge, circumstances, and common sense start to merge together, even though they are incompatible.

It seems like even the Debuff Immunity skill is unable to deal with this chaos.

Does he tell himself to give up?

“I can't return to Japan?...why, what am I doing?”

Why, why, why.

The doubts he's constantly reminded of disappeared. He arrived at the conclusion of “because that's natural” for all his doubts.

Though he did not want to admit it, although he can't possibly accept these feelings, he accepts the reason, the knowledge, and the memories.

“Aa...aaaaaaaaah!!”

Shigehisa lost consciousness once again.

End Notes:

Status is touched on during the main text, but there was no comparison material so here:

Average human adult male		Adult Dragunir	
Race	Man	Race	Dragunir
Sex	Male	Sex	Male
Level	18	Age	30
HP	90	Level	120
MP	15	HP	2300
STR	70	MP	1250
VIT	50	STR	800
AGI	45	VIT	1000
INT	15	AGI	900
LUC	30	INT	750
		LUC	160

CHAPTER 2

SETTING OFF WITH DETERMINATION

When he opened his eyes again, it was already dark.

With his head strangely cold, he believes he was forced to accept this situation which organized itself in the middle of his sleep.

“Ha...hahaha...”

A dry laugh sounded lifelessly.

Already, it's hopeless.

No matter how he refuses, every time those forced blackouts occur, his memory and emotions are suppressed.

“Is that so, is that so...I see. Since they do as they please, I should enjoy this life to the fullest!!”

What on earth and to who he's shouting to, even he himself does not know. But if he doesn't do this, his mind won't be at ease.

“Its still too early to decide this. First is...name creation...?”

Finally becoming serious, Shigehisa decided to first settle all of his worries. Looking at the status some time ago, the name was “Undecided”.

“Undecided, is this a game? Anyway, certainly in this world a Japanese name is out of place...”

He thought that often in reincarnation light novels, there is a country or continent with a suitable Japanese name, but among his given knowledge, such a thing does not exist here.

“Maybe a Western styled name is better?”

Though for him, who is 100% pure Japanese, there are no Western styled names that immediately comes to mind.

“The most popular names...John, Alex, Michael... Michael isn’t good, huh?”

A certain character came to mind.

“Is it ok to use it? ...despite the fact that it’s unique...”

What he remembered is a RPG he played 2, 3 years ago.

A game mixing history into fantasy, that he recently was most addicted to. It had importance placed on the story during production, and gained some popularity despite not being major.

“The protagonist is Georg Rifeinstal, but like this, there’s no twist or something...”

He then sat in the dark and made groaning sounds while grasping his head. If this was Japan, he would have been reported.

“What was the final enemy boss again?.....ah that’s right, Isaac Stanford. Okay, I have decided.”

The young man who stood up from over there shouted.

“My name is Georg Stanford!”

In order to resolve himself, he said it clearly.

It’s a simple name, but it’s a result of his decision that was a lot better than leaving it up to his own naming sense.

Looking back at the status again to check, where undecided was beside the name section, it definitely changed.

Thus, the decided name left behind in the next world was decided in a simple manner.

“Well, I guess I should search for human habitation and food for now.”

It’s weird that he doesn’t feel hungry, but it might only be temporary.

In this world, there are demons and normal animals and those are convenient as typical food.

Speaking of demons, the goblins, orcs, and such in RPG's usually come to mind, but the definition of a demon in this world seems to be speaking of living organisms with magic other than humans. If there is something that can only be seen as a normal beast, they are meeting the standard of goblins, orcs, and such to some extent(it won't become the food for the latter though).

Moreover, even as a demon that can't be mistaken for a normal animal in one glance, the vitality and strength greatly differs, and among them it seems the magic they can use include cladding their body in flames and such.

"Well, it's not certain that enemies won't be made however."

Georg, who departed furiously for areas with creatures, should be far from being able to be injured and closer to being invulnerable. There are very fine swords at his waist, and as expected, if they are unsheathed and not to mention Dragon Transfiguration and the like, if there is any ability to strengthen himself beyond this, the power can conquer not only an entire country, but a continent.

He doesn't have the motivation to do something so troublesome though.

"For the time being, the present location is....."

From within his knowledge, the places applicable to this surrounding view is searched.

"North Tenshia Continent...East Deinanto Kingdom...Naruku Plain, huh?"

When all's said and done, right now he is grateful that his body became a giant walking encyclopedia.

"Going west heads inside the kingdom, Going north heads to the Viruhelm Empire, east is the Frunger Kingdom, south is the Oceanic City Union"

The internal affairs are pretty much the same for each country. The Oceanic City Union's nature is slightly different, as there are merchants and crafters, but not nobles. The land's powerful clans are in control, but simply without a ruler-type

person, there isn't a big difference. One person making the decision, or many people making the decision, or rather the part where they respectively compete in interests, might be rougher without a monarchy. The profits from foreign trade appear to be rich, but the disparity in wealth seems to be extreme.

"Well, since there isn't a big difference, shall I tour this kingdom first?"

To begin with, there isn't any kind of purpose in his new life yet, and to be frank, nothing can be decided as of now.

"Facing the style and facing the mood as I please, what did I just want again?"

(TL: Japanese idiom for "Without a plan, doing things on the spur of the moment based on one's conditions and feelings)

He tried to strike a pose, and nothing responded but a gust of cold wind.

"What am I even doing..."

With a empty and miserable heart, Georg begins to walk his second life.

CHAPTER 3

WANDERING AND UNEXPECTED REALITY

“...Wait, why am I just honestly walking?”

This is what was said after walking for around 30 minutes.

Georg has knowledge related to the terrain, national borders, each nation's capital city and the like, but does not have a grasp of small villages, settlements and so forth. Just by walking like this in his current state, there isn't a reason human habitation will easily be found. And in the view of this pleasantly flat plain, animals and edible things to become meals are not found.

“What is the purpose of the Dragon Transfiguration skill? Romance? Dreams? Hopes?...No, absolutely not. It should be used for times of emergency like now.”

If there is someone who gave Georg this skill, they would probably say:

“That is precisely wrong.”

“Now, the fantastic conqueror who wants humans for food!”

Feeling hunger pangs, Georg, who still didn't accept this cruel reality from the bottom of his heart and started to become somewhat desperate, activated the Dragon Transfiguration skill.

<Oh?.....Ohhhhhh-!!>

Just as he thought his body was wrapped in glaring light, in the next moment he went to a visual height incomparable to just now.

<Mi...Mirror, Mirror!>

Using light magic to project himself again, there was a giant dragon there.

Silver mirror-like scales, similar to the armor he was just clad in, pale clear tinted eyes, a large build of 30m starting from the head and ending at the tail, and heroic wings with a width of nearly 40m. The four feet have sharp claws, and the ones on the hind

legs have a dull shine of thoroughly tempered steel. For the front legs, the claws are red on the right, and blue on the left.

<No odd eye but odd claws? Again, something new.>

(TL: odd eye is heterochromia. odd claws is the claw equivalent.)

He assumes a cold expression, but in his heart, he is very excited,

Any boy would yearn to be a dragon one at least once. The champion of the skies, a legendary existence appearing in numerous stories in all ages. Sometimes as a good being, sometimes as an evil being, or possibly as an absolute existence swaying between good and evil, this existence moved out of legends, and appeared in various manga, light novels, and games.

<Ha ha, not bad, in fact, this is the best!>

Finally, in irrepressible excitement, he raised his voice in delight.

He can't even return this life back after all; shouldn't he laugh in enjoyment, and gratefully celebrate it?

It's his own decision on how he uses this power.

Because of the ethics and morals he was raised with until now, he doesn't think of doing something outrageously bad. At least, for everything he had to give up during his human times, it shouldn't be impossible to fulfill them in this world after all.

He won't aim for something high like a hero in a fairytale. Just having this power, miscellaneous matters from the surroundings will be pushed onto him, and he wanted to avoid such troublesome things.

He will live to his heart's content, to his own wishes, and to how he wants to live.

Such a way of life, is definitely impossible in Japan. At least, not for him who passed by as mediocre.

<Good isn't it...it's not only bad things, being far off is better than living without individual momentum as just a gear in society. Certainly.>

Possibly in reality, "he knows" the power to change this world's condition.

However, he didn't think that the profoundness of the world permeates to that extent.

Till the end, it's fine if he can happily live without checking who he is.

And the power to accomplish that, now, he just felt it.

<That's right, to me, a home country, authority, riches and reputation are useless objects. Just living with what I have right now is good.>

Thinking like that, he suddenly calmed down.

Yes, not thinking for somebody's sake or for society's sake is good.

In the first place, there shouldn't be an existence that can deny his way of living.

<Which means, at last, I have a mood where a goal is not needed but...>

And thinking up to there, he hit on a good idea.

<Wait..this is a parallel universe, a fantasy with swords and magic, naturally there exists beast people, fairies like elves and dwarfs, and the same family as Dragunir. No, as expected, the number one should be the beast people. Real cat girls are moe...no. Don't get fired up!>

(TL: the real story finally starts)

Starting to receive reality from the front, his real character and nature came back, but the person himself did not appear to realize it.

<Alright, I decided. I want to cuddle, no better yet, love animal girls. Yes, I want to touch cat ears!>

By the way, the beast people don't only have cat ears.

<Suddenly I have motivation!! Let's go live doing whatever I want!! I'm coming, wait for me cat ears-!!>

Just repeating, but beast people don't only have ca-

"Hyaha-!!"

Georg, who is jumping up in lingering excitement, changes back using Human Transfiguration after 3 minutes.

“Er, I seriously forgot about Dragon King’s Might.”

Starting from when he started jumping; first a swarm of bats came crashing through from the nearby forest, there was silence after a scream of agony, and several horses tied to transport wagons on the highway suddenly became violent, throwing off their riders, and knocking them out.

To put it lightly, a trivial natural disaster.

“Why is it a continuous passive when Dragon Transfiguration is on...in the end do I walk?...Damn it, come back sky!!”

The lonely young man, who is walking alone, yelled futile shouts that were absorbed by the quiet night sky...

CHAPTER 4

BEGINNING THE DIFFERENT WORLD INTERACTION

In the dusk, before Georg's eyes, everybody was lined up prostrate.

"How did it become like this..."

This place is a certain obscure village with a population of about 50 people. In this tranquil landscape, relaxation is felt, however.

"...Can you raise your heads?"

""""Haha-!""""

More profound than the habit of responding with "haha-", are the people bowing their heads. Asking once again, how did it become like this?

Returning to about 30 minutes ago.

The day completely darkened, in the end he didn't find any food and just wandered aimlessly.

"Even with a cheat, if I don't eat or drink...I would die."

Most likely this sensation of hunger is because Dragon Transfiguration was used. He thought there were no demerits, but it doesn't seem to be the case. There wasn't such information within his knowledge, and even though he didn't feel very hungry, he suddenly got really hungry. There is no way they aren't related.

"..Weeds don't have poison, right?"

With an unsteady gait, he murmured while gazing at a weed around 10 cm tall. The first meal in another world is some weed? It's not even funny.

"But on the other hand, my stomach...nn?"

The moment he started to seriously think about the final option, he picked up a small sound with his superhuman hearing. A voice, a human-like sound.

“Humans...village...food!!”

Words are already unnecessary. Run, run at full speed. Why he is running, obviously because there is food. (Confusion)

(TL: Yep, the (Confusion) is part of the raw text)

Already running at a speed that the human eye cannot keep up with, several houses and simple fences appeared in front of Georg's field of vision. No doubt about it, it's a human village.

“First is food...what do I do about the bill?...But I don't have anything valuable...no...”

Just then, he thought about his armor.

This armor is transformed from dragon scales; with his body boasting high regeneration, if he takes it off and uses Dragon Transfiguration once again it will temporarily restore. Then, using Human Transfiguration again, the same armor will be mysteriously made.

“...Is this somewhat valuable?”

Possibly, it is something that even the king of a country would covet. Certainly it's not something to stupidly offer up with carelessness, but to fulfill the indispensable life maintenance activity called a meal, it shouldn't be something loathsome.

“At any rate, the negotiations come first.”

And thus Georg reached the human habitation, albeit with some struggles, at last.

“...Well if there is only light from fire, they should normally sleep during the night.”

The village-like place that he struggled to reach, with many of the households sleeping, had silence hanging over the vicinity.

“Is there anybody?~...”

Muttering in a quiet voice, as expected he can't bring himself to yell loudly. Even himself, if someone was woken up by a person they didn't know in the middle of sleep, they would certainly be displeased.

Georg has no way, and he stopped and listened carefully there.

"...light...ly..."

"No...if you...Bari..."

The voices he heard. That seems to have resounded from the vicinity slightly outside of the village.

Georg is harbouring some doubts, but in order to dispel them, he moves towards there. However, he doesn't have a good feeling about this.

"...it should be good soon."

"Ah, it seems like everyone in the village is already asleep."

"Okay, listen up. Kill the men as soon as possible, put off the old people for later, and seizing the women and children is the highest priority."

"Like always, we can do whatever we want except to the virgins?"

"Ah, in any case their value isn't that significant anyways. If you like, should we bring them home this time?"

"Sounds good, as expected of the chief, very reasonable."

"Ha, flattery huh? Apart from that, oi, let's go."

""Ou!""

On the slight outskirts of the village, it seems there are voices and 10 weak presences of people lurking in the bushes. The appearances definitely weren't confirmed yet but oh well.

“Robbers or the such it seems.”

He sighed deeply with a “haa”. He would have never thought the first interaction in another world is with robbers, furthermore probably will become a bloody interaction, and became slightly depressed.

If he repulsed the robbers trying to attack the village, it probably won't be a viewed as a bad thing.

“Well, do I lightly defeat them?”

While walking he lightly swung his arm, getting accustomed to his shoulder. He wouldn't kill, and try to take care but, well, how easy does he need to go so they won't die? Probably, they won't die with a light hit.

“What a bother.”

Though he complains, he has no intention of stopping his walking. For him, it is a critical moment of whether a meal can be eaten or not. Do they know about the death of a strange “human”?

Again, while lightly sighing, he struggles on to reach the entrance of the village.

The beautiful and sharp figure of him standing still while wearing armor gleaming from moonlight, is wondrous and both solemn and sinister.

CHAPTER 5

THE FIRST CONVERSATION (PHYSICAL)

(TL: the kanji in the brackets mean “Physics” but I think it might be referring to physical things)

The men are perplexed.

Before their eyes is a single man who just stands there.

Though they were enthusiastic just now about attacking the village, stealing money, scavenging food, and raping women, a single man, who they couldn't raise their hands against, appeared from hiding.

The reason is simple.

Silver hair and blue eyes.

Looking at the appearance, which is clear despite being under the moonlight, the men's movements stopped.

If they are one of this world's humans, they should know a conversation topic-like true story, a noble race who moreover turns up often as heroes, Dragunir. The blood vessels of dragons, existing myths, living legends. It is absurd for a human to oppose them, and even making eye contact is equivalent to being rude.

Some whisper about the truth of such numerous anecdotes and folklore as if they are plausible, a rare species that if met once in one life, their life afterwards would become affluent. In reality, under normal circumstances, this race has a small population; they don't meddle with humans and only live in dangerous areas.

It is thought that if such a figure is seen, an uncertain danger zone infested with many demons crawling around can be overcome, even at the stage where one's spirit has been worn down after many days.

Such an existence that they thought they should have never met, now, is in front of their eyes.

Every time they look, they doubt their eyes. But every time they check, nothing changes. That silver hair and blue eyes are traits that do not exist outside of the Draganir.

“I’ll warn you once, “humans”, obediently leave this place. Don’t cause me any trouble.”

An excessively arrogant manner of speaking. But, what allows for it is this Draganir race.

The men, without saying anything, in an unmovable state, huddled together.

Georg chose to give a warning as arrogantly as possible.

Well, he knew this was the way of talking based on this world’s humans and Draganir’s correct status. If possible, avoid violence. That is not gentleness or lenience, it’s just that having trouble is honestly pointless.

Even with this difference in human numbers, no, even if there is a difference of 100 in human numbers, it can only be thought of as a one-sided game. It’s quite an irritating thing, but it seems this body scraped off any difficult or unpleasant feelings towards killing humans, and only the thoughts of avoiding troublesome things if possible persisted from his time as a human .

“What’s wrong, can’t even reply? Then at least show some movement, fools. To disappear or to be killed, there should be two simple choices.”

Speaking like his nose is scorning, some men’s red faces became clear.

This is why humans are troublesome. If it were wild animals or even high ranking animals, they would move as soon as they felt the difference in strength. Based on instinct, they would pick one of the options of “fight or flight”. But humans pointlessly think. For example, it could be calculations, something they should protect, or to attain trivial pride, honor and such. But in the first place, against a Draganir those are failures and mistakes. If they are making such a mistake of trivial thinking, he doesn’t want to see their sorry state.

Yes, like those people in front of his eyes.

“It’s a bluff...it’s obviously magic or something!”

“That...that’s it...that’s it! There can’t possibly be a Dragunir in such a place!”

“Ha!! Intimidating us like this, it seems they want to get seriously hurt!”

At the very least, Georg can’t see it as anything but escaping reality.

“I see, if you’re resisting, then it’s unavoidable. Come at me.”

Of course, the swords at his waist were sheathed. Because all of the men carried daggers or one-handed swords, he reasoned there were no magic users.

Georg made a motion for the men to come at him with his right hand. Maybe because of the excessive irritation, the group of humans had their vigor pushed up.

And in the middle of the group, a gust of violent wind blew.

Words will only do so much, that is, if their details are even presented. Georg, who leapt into the middle of the thieves, swung his fists left and right. Just by doing that, the results were lunging fists which people’s eyes cannot keep up with, already at the level of being lethal.

“...Did I overdo it?”

A certain person had his head twisted towards a wrong way, a certain person had blood pouring from his mouth, and again, a certain person had shards of his broken sword stuck into his head...

Zero survivors.

“Something like going easy on someone, I had never done so in my life up until now. In the first place I never had a full-fledged fight before.....can’t be helped right.”

He persuaded himself and came to an agreement. Here, the one saving grace was that he didn’t realize he had nothing like feelings of guilt or pangs of conscience.

“This...this is...”

Turning around after suddenly hearing a voice, there stood a man in his prime with a pale face. No, there wasn't only the one man, there were also some other men, and children peeking at him from under cover.

Well, it's natural after making so much noise.

Georg turned his whole body towards them.

"Sorry for making a racket, I am called Georg, Georg Stanford. I am of the Dragunir race."

There were people opening their eyes wide at Georg's words, and people who fainted and collapsed could be seen.

<Aa, perhaps this might be a miss?>

Among them, the one person who casually thought this was Georg.

CHAPTER 6

MEETING

“Dra...Dragunir...”

“Why did such a thing...”

“Other than that, these corpses...”

The villagers, who started to become noisy, made Georg feel a little ill at ease, but he didn't have a choice to leave here. Hereafter, he needs to work out his plan, to get a meal and rest, and the mountain of corpses can't just stay there like that.

“Aa-...I will explain the situation briefly. I am wandering for a reason, and wanting food, this place caught by eye and I came not long ago. But I saw these guys here were trying to attack here, so I just beat them up, over.”

Indeed, he had an attitude saying it was bothersome to do, but the truth that it was bothersome doesn't change.

It seems the villagers were bewildered for a short moment, but representative-like people gathered in one spot and started discussing something.

<Are?...are they doubting it's a self-made play or something like that?>

Certain, it is true these guy's (robber) attack's timing overlapped magnificently.

However, he soon realized those were needless fears.

The villagers finished their discussion, and lined up horizontally in front of Georg. And then.

“””For giving our village assistance, thank you very much!”””

While saying those words, prostrating on the ground, they simultaneously bowed with such vigor that they rubbed their head against the ground.

“Er...will you raise your head?”

“””Haha-“””

<Why did they lower even further!? Are they sinking in!? Do they want to sink in!?!>

The sensation of his body had pointed out, “is this the normal reaction of humans towards existences like the Dragunir?”

“...if you humble yourself like that, you can’t speak?...”

“Please continue like this.”

“The likes of us worship your-sama’s countenance..”

“Very awe-inspiring...”

These guys are already done for.

“I’m saying it’s okay. Raise your heads or you’ll bury yourselves.”

It’s already a threat, and if he doesn’t do that, the heads won’t rise.

At Georg’s words, the villagers timidly raise their faces. Their expressions were uniformly pale. However, he was unable to judge whether it is fear or anxiety, or possibly because of the corpses behind them.

“For the time being, I’ll dispose of these corpses. And, I also want permission to stay for 2, 3 days and a small portion of food. Things that will become compensation...I thought of selling this armor for some money but...”

Seeing Georg saying this and knocking his worn armor with a “kon kon” sound, the villager’s one pale face became even more paler and shook their heads.

“Im-im-im-impossible, we can’t take such a thing!!”

“Mu, not enough?”

“That’s out of the question!! Just such an armor that at a glance is splendid is too much...”

“What, it’s not something with a great value to me, so don’t worry about it. After all, it’s made of scales, and will regenerate in the blink of an eye.”

Georg said this, but in reality, the villagers weren’t worried about this. Dragon scale armor. Since the creatures known as genuine dragons perished, the amount of living things with the raw materials for refinement, the technology, and the lost items, did not exceed what can be counted on one hand. And this armor has legends of bestowing the wearer with great blessings, withstanding all attacks and nullifying all magic. Before, there were wars started from disputes for the ownership of the armor.

It’s a worthless item to Georg, but to humans, it’s not like that. Due to the adverse effects of the values and knowledge Georg received, which to the end, can be said as those of a Dragunir, there is a misunderstanding.

And then there is the real reason why the villagers strongly refused up until now. If they received such an item, they wouldn’t be able to get rid of it. They likely can’t attach a price to sell it, and just having the truth of their ownership leaked out somewhere, they don’t know what would happen.

If a country sends out soldiers with demands to hand it over, it’s fine. What’s bad, is that there is a high possibility that guys who try to obtain it while keeping it secret from the country will appear.

Nobles, merchants, thieves, or foreign spies; if such people appeared, this village would be ruined. Because there isn’t a reason to keep witnesses alive.

“We humbly request. Please pardon just only that...”

And for that reason, an entreaty.

“Saying to that extent...”

When Georg said that, everyone was washed by an atmosphere of relief. Other than the main culprit, Georg.

And the main culprit racked his brains once again.

<Receiving one sided charity is kinda unpleasant...is there anything else?>

While having these thoughts, he surveyed the vicinity. The plots at the simple, or perhaps he should say, worn out houses had no fencing, let alone walls. The fields had irregular figures, perhaps because of rocks or hard sections of ground.

<...will this be good?>

Even without objects, there should be things he can give with his power.

“Well, besides I must get the approval of everyone, but...”

While muttering he looked at the villagers. As usual, a facial expression of unease.

“Okay, tomorrow, during bright hours, can everyone gather?”

“Everyone...?”

“Ah, unfortunately, nothing else I can hand out as compensation comes to mind. Therefore, well...what is it, minimal kindness or perhaps I should say assistance to make living a little easier. Do you mind?”

Asking this question, the villagers looked at each other with bewildered faces.

“I will tell you the details tomorrow. Today, are you willing to lend me a bed for now?”

“Ha...haa?...Like this,a~...Derrick, didn’t you have an extra bed and blanket?”

“Eh?...oh, its my son’s who went to the city the other day but.”

“Then lend us that, the place will be mine because it’s the most spacious....err, Dragunir-sama.”

“I don’t mind Georg or Stanford.”

“Th...then Stanford-sama, please rest at my house tonight. There are small and dirty spots but...”

“What, this body, taking advantage your good will, has no complaints.”

“Un...understood...well this way.”

The men got up at these words, but Georg started to walk as if leading, and Georg continued to do so.

And like this, Georg passed his first night in a parallel world.

CHAPTER 7

VILLAGE'S MORNING

“Kua...fua...”

(TL: yawn sounds)

Squinting his eyes at the dazzling morning sun, Georg got up.

Last night, Georg stayed in the house of the village chief, a man in the prime of his life. But instead of a hard bed, Georg slept on blankets laid on the floor. The villager chief's name appeared to be Schmitt and he seems to have a wife and children. He introduced his wife, Elena, and his son, Sun, when they entered the house. He suggested Georg to use his bed, but Georg politely declined.

(TL: Fun fact, his son's name is Son)

Because he is a burden, Georg didn't have the boldness to steal the home owner's bed. Besides, any difference in heat or cold has hardly any effect on his body. It's just that he had a feeling that his body joints would hurt if he spent the night on a hard place from his time as a human, so he slept on laid out blankets.

Schmitt persistently recommended the bed to the end, but Georg gave up on explaining, and of his own accord, laid out the blankets in the room's corner, took off his armor, and lied down. By the way, Schmitt reluctantly left. (Incidentally, under the armor was clothing like white silk made of wing membrane)

“Ha-...Have you woken up?”

Waking up and spacing out, he heard a woman's voice greet him from his side.

“N...wheres Schmitt?”

“If it's my husband, he went to confirm the thieves' belongings with the young men...”

“...Aa.”

He forgot to deal with the corpses.

“Understood, I’ll go too. I did say I’ll deal with them.”

He stood up at those words, and Elena promptly folded the blankets.

“Please wait for the preparations of breakfast.”

Saying this, she bowed her head.

Georg didn’t realize up until now, but at those words, his stomach felt extremely empty.

In the end, he didn’t eat anything last night; on top of intruding during midnight, he didn’t ask for food.

“...I’ll finish it quickly.”

Persevering through his rumbling stomach, Georg quickly wore his armor, and went outside.

“Schmitt.”

“He?...Ah, it’s Stanford-sama! Did you just wake up?”

Going towards the place where the thieves were cleaned up last night, there gathered many young men who were counting the currency-like items and evaluating the sword and armor.

“Hou, are you checking the spoils of war?”

“Eh...Eeh...”

Why did Schmitt’s face cloud over. No, the other guys were also acting suspiciously.

“?...Aah.”

He sort of guessed it.

“I said it, but I don’t want these items.”

“Is it okay!?”

The faces smiled broadly. In short, they did think about the ownership of the thieves' valuables. Thinking about it normally, it should be Georg's, as he repelled them alone, but to this remote village, it is undoubtedly precious money and metal products. Consequently, they must have thought of scavenging, and dividing and taking some.

"You can take it all as one portion of the food and lodging costs. It didn't take a lot of time, and I don't have interest anyways."

"Th-...Thank you very much!!"

"While you're at it, I'll be saved if you pile up the corpses. Since disposing of them will be easier."

"There's no problem, doing something to this extent!!"

The robustness of the humans living in this era can be felt from Schmitt, who joyfully started giving out instructions to the men.

Georg passed the 30 minutes drowsily, until work finished.

(TL: The author put a period in an odd spot. Not sure if it is intentional or a typo)

"Stanford-sama, we finished."

"N?...I see, now then. I'll dispose of them quickly."

Recovering from a half-sleeping state from Schmitt's voice, Georg stood up, and went towards the place where all the corpses were collected. He already thought about how to dispose of the corpses.

"It's dangerous, so can you stand back?"

He approached the corpses, warned the surroundings, checked to see the villagers stepped back, and then exercised magic.

He sensed the surroundings stir up at the blaze which flared up in an instant. Then there is that, almost all magic users worked for the country, and an ordinary person would practically never see it. In short, it's because they have never seen magic.

Georg also exercised wind magic simultaneously, taking into account the smell of burning people spreading to the village, and he burns the corpses which doesn't even

have bones remaining. After that finished, he exercised earth magic this time. The ground dirt hollowed out as if being penetrated, and the remaining ashes fell into the hole. Once more, the earth buried itself, and it ended after the ground is slightly tinged by moisture from water magic

A beautiful disposal, to the extent where the corpses there just 2, 3 minutes ago appeared to have never existed.

“Un, something like this... is this good?”

“He?...Ah! Eeh, yes, there are no problems...”

Schmitt, who watched over with a befuddled expression, gave a flustered response.

The appearance of a Dragoon during a thief's attack, furthermore seeing such magic, he had a speechless appearance.

“I see, then its good. Now then, like I said yesterday, everyone gather somewhere...no.”

Georg saw Elena, who had a worried expression, in the distance as he thought about carrying out the promise made yesterday.

“Before that, its breakfast. Schmitt, Elena is waiting after laying out the food.”

While adding in his heart that he also is hungry, Schmitt followed Georg with a wry smile like last night.

While firmly grasping the small bag containing the money, as if it's his own treasure.

CHAPTER 8

BEFORE, AFTER

Returning to Schmitt's house, four portions of soup and black bread were prepared in the living room. They were the portions for three family members and Georg.

Being observed by Schmitt and his family who became scared, Georg in all ways became uncomfortable while eating and he quickly washed down the slightly salty vegetable soup with the excessively hard bread. The flavor was honestly unclear, but it certainly satisfied his empty stomach.

Incidentally, Schmitt and his family were observing Georg excessively because originally, the hard rye bread, which was eaten while being softened by the soup, is generally eaten while being crunched.

"It was a treat. I'm heading out first."

Georg, who finished eating earlier than the three people, gets up while saying this. Seeing this, Schmitt started stuffing his cheeks with soup and bread in a panic.

"You don't have to hurry, I just want to see a little bit of the surroundings."

When Georg said this, the face swelling with soup and bread arbitrarily shook. But Georg didn't speak of his thoughts that it would make a pretty picture if only it was a girl.

Seeing that Schmitt calmed down, Georg left behind the place. To carry out yesterday's promise, certain information is absolutely necessary.

While recalling other things after this, he opened the gate and went outside.

About 1 hour later, the weak villagers, numbering 50 in total, gathered in the open lot (called like this because the the plaza's maintenance was completely not done) in the middle of the village. Looking at their appearances, the men and women were about fifty-fifty and the expressions varied.

Properly speaking, there were people with clear displeasure at being called out at a time when they need to go work in the fields. Among the young women, there were people facing Georg with gazes of love and the men who felt that are giving Georg gazes filled with jealousy. Truly varied.

Saying this in his heart, he couldn't suppress a wry smile. Well, a large cause should be that while looking at the village some time ago, in order to hear about various circumstances he aimed at mainly women. But he leaves behind the words that it's an inevitable part of a man to think of wanting to talk to girls.

"Now then, everyone, sorry for this during a busy time. There should be people with dissatisfaction, but I believe I can provide something to counterbalance the stolen time, so please endure this for now."

Pulling himself together and announcing this line, every doubtful expression which floated waited quietly for the next words.

"First is...this village's harmful animal counter-measure, but the village doesn't have a surrounding fence nor wall, and it seems the fields do get damaged from time to time right?"

Hearing this, some people raised their voice.

"Well...demons don't appear, but wild boars and the such..."

"Raccoons also appear, and stuff like rats too."

"But even if fences are made those things still immediately enter, the workers and time to just build ditches and walls are...naa."

Hearing their answers, Georg nodded with an air of satisfaction.

"In that case, let's first settle this."

Saying this, Georg exercised magic.

The villagers became cautious, wondering what the heck Georg was planning to do, but that soon changed into surprise.

“O-...Ooooh!!”

“W-w-w...Walls!?”

Speaking of what Georg did, moats were first created with some room around the outer circumference of the village. They have a depth of around 1.5m and a width of around 2.5m. Then the massive amount of excavated dirt was compressed and hardened and walls around 2m tall and 1m thick were created, completely enclosing the village (of course, three places of entrances and exits were created and there were no walls there). Furthermore, Georg did not forget to harden the inside of the moat. There wouldn't be much point if the moat crumbles and fills up after all.

The power of Lv10 Earth Magic was lavishly exhibited.

“Wo-...Wow...”

“Like this the beasts can't enter...”

Several voices of admiration leaked out of their mouths, but Georg had no intention of ending it here.

“I guess the fields are next. I heard it has a considerably distorted shape because of rocks and geological features. Let's resolve that as well.”

Because the geological features were already confirmed beforehand using magic, Georg used his magic right away. First, the vegetables growing there was wrapped up inside of a bowl made of Earth Magic and was evacuated into the air using Wind Magic. After that the conspicuous rocks were pulverized into very small pieces. Then, the dirt in the fields were all dug up at once, mixing together with the earlier pulverized rock and furthermore was replaced by the dirt from the soft portion of the deep layer of earth.

And then the distorted fields were beautifully arranged, with the sections of dead space already usable. The plants taking refuge were beautifully put back, and the slightly dry ground was given water to perfection using Water Magic.

Georg had an uninterested expression, but his real view is that it can be expressed in one word as his masterpiece. The villagers who were shown this before their eyes were.

“”””” “””””

They were in a speechless dazed state.

“After that...”

“”””” “There’s still more!?” “””””

“Oou.”

He reflexively drew back at the simultaneous roaring voices.

“Well, to draw water at a certain river in a nearby forest, you have to pass through places with animal trails right? The maintenance of that road, as well as opening up space by transplanting the trees growing along the route is needed. Later the wood felled during maintenance will be secured as lumber.”

Saying up to that point, the group of villagers became completely silent, and then.

“”””” “Our Saviour!!” “””””

“Fua!?”

(TL: for a moment I read this as “fue” ...)

Georg, for a moment, was deified in a certain village.

CHAPTER 9

A CHANCE MEETING WITH BEAST PEOPLE FOLLOWED BY THE CRUEL REALITY

“Ah, Georg-sama~!”

“Georg-sama, the fruits growing on the planted trees given to us are almost ripe. For the first one, Georg-sama should...”

“Georg-sama!! The gates are finally complete, and we would like you to come to see them. The young men have shown great results!”

It has already been 5 days since he came to the village. In reality, he should have already left the village to wander a long time ago, but after that day where he did a cheat-like exhibition, he felt as if he couldn't easily leave. He tried to convey this several times but Schmitt said:

“Even though you bestowed upon us so many favors, we cannot return the kindness with simply a night's lodging and meals. I kindly beg of you, please stay here for now.”

Something like that.

“Nn, I see that you're once again lively today Rook. Herun, the truth is that the trees grew well because you guys took care of it properly right? In that case, the first one honestly should be yours. And Gale, I will go see the results properly later, so convey to the workers to continue doing the other work. I shouldn't say much because I'm the cause, but isn't it fairly busy right now?”

While replying to the villagers, he breathed a sigh in his heart.

<Even though I want to be happy with animal girls right now, I can still see them no matter how much time passes...>

Yes, in the first place he thought of wandering in order to meet and love the previously unseen cat-eared girls and dog-eared girls, but it was truly a grave situation to receive a setback of confinement at the very beginning. Nonetheless, he would feel awkward

to forcefully shake off their desperate restraint. Incidentally, this peculiarity is proof that a part of his identity as a lower middle class human remained.

<Somehow I can't make a reason to leave huh...>

Despite Georg's deliberations, no methods to successfully persuade Schmitt comes to mind. And in the first place, there is no doubt that Schmitt does not want Georg to leave the village.

An existence shaking off all of their disasters, bestowing on them many favors, and capable of saving many people. There's no way he would want to let go of such an rare, important guest.

<Haa...good grief, I can sympathize with him...>

But Georg's two wishes of leaving the village and meeting the beast people were answered by an unexpected appearance. One bringing an awful, cruel truth.



It happened during the night, 7 days after he came to the village. Escaping the pestering villagers, Georg left the village for the sake of indulging in solitary thinking. Just when he thought of returning as it was considerably late, he heard an unusual amount of noise for this time of day from the village.

"Did something happen?...It came from the orchard."

Terrible jeers were violently resounding. While thinking there were numerous voices unlike those of robbers, Georg quickened his pace and headed over there. Thereupon, an unbelievable sight came into view.

"You bastard!! How dare you steal when you're no better than livestock!!"

"To touch this tree that we gratefully received to grow from Georg-sama with your dirty hands..."

"This is why we hate demi-humans. They don't even have a fragment of character."

“Even though we spent no money to buy it, a big deal of labour was spent. Let’s sell this robber to have them pay!!”

Under a tree in the orchard, the numerous villagers exercised abusive language along with violence at a fallen person.

“What the hell are you all doing!!”

Unable to endure the excessively gruesome scene, Georg noticed himself shouting questions.

“It-...it’s Georg-sama!”

“Th-...this livestock was stealing, and we were punishing it...”

“We are very sorry to show you this ugly sight!! We will settle this immediately!!”

Saying this, one of the villagers forcefully lifted the fallen person.

“Wait, this is livestock? I can’t see it as anything but a human though?”

Georg called out with a voice carrying pressure as if telling them to stop. If these are the villager’s real natures, he can’t overlook this.

“We-, well, this person is a lowly demi-human. Up until now, we kept dirty things like these in a hut so Georg-sama wouldn’t have see them...”

“This person just came and stole the fruit we got at last!! We were looking after that tree Georg-sama gave us to grow with all our effort!”

Georg displayed a strong reaction to the words “demi-human”, as he was aware that humans call beast people, dwarfs, elves, and others, like this.

“...Let me see it.”

“Eh?...Well...but...”

“Listen up, I said for you to bring them over for me to see!!”

Georg, who never once was angry since coming to the village, became seriously angry. Affected by this, the villagers gave a short scream, timidly brought the tattered, broken individual, and dropped her in front of Georg.

“...How...how brutal...!!”

Lifting up the person gently, it was a small, withered away, girl from the Tigermen race.

Her ears should have had traces of roundness like a tiger but it was worn out and ceased to stay in shape, and what should have been her beautiful and flexible tail was torn in the middle. The torn part didn't seem to receive any medical treatment and had a slight rotten smell.

Beyond sympathy and pity, Georg felt intense anger and sorrow.

Is this the treatment of humans towards beast people?

Is this the common practice of humans towards beast people?

Is this the state of the beast people in this world?

“...Unacceptable...”

Even before seeking direction, the villagers were already frightened thoughtless from Georg's expression.

“This is the common practice? This is? This cruel ugly reality?...Don't fuck with me...”

Such a figure, withered and shedding blood, distorted by pain and grief. Is this the common practice in this country, no, in this world?

“Don't fuck...with meeee!!”

In the night sky, a dragon's roar, containing sorrow as if crying and even anger, resounded through the skies.

Right now, Georg decided to pick a fight with the world.

If there is a need to save the beast people unseen and in front of him, then...

(ED: AWWW SNAP, SHIT'S GONNA GO DOWN! FIGHT FOR OUR CATGIRLS!!!!!!)

CHAPTER 10

DECISION

“Light...Heal...”

Holding the young girl in his arms, Georg tried using light magic for recovery, and chants.

This world’s magic can be said as the act of creating phenomenon from imagination. Proper chants do not exist, as specific expressions are made from one’s inner image, and magic emits for the purpose of causing the image. For example, the imagination for making a spear of fire could be “Fire, become a spear”.

Due to a skill, Georg can automatically analyze the optimum solution for creating phenomenon without chanting, but from there, if he wants to cause a stronger image using powerful magic, chanting is, as expected, the most reliable and has the best efficiency.

For that reason, he included the use of chanting this time. He desired to save the young girl even if his limits of strength was exhausted.

“Wh-...what are you...”

“Shut up, be silent!”

Silencing the bewildered looking villagers with one roar, Georg concentrated on nothing but restoration.

And after several minutes, the results appeared. Furiously.

The unsightly torn tail which lost its shine, the pitiful ears which are unbearable to look at, the full-body bruises, and even the old scar attained in the past disappeared completely, or were possibly restored. Right now, a young beautiful Tigermen tribe girl was in Georg’s arms.

“Thank god...”

He felt relief from the bottom of his heart. Even with his amount of power, he was dubious whether he could regain lost things, and for that reason he chanted.

The young girl held by Georg, who stood up, is now tranquilly breathing in her sleep despite only able to breath feebly just before.

“It’s a miracle...”

“Is this... a Dragunir’s...?”

“Are the legends all real...”

Georg raised his voice again at the out-of-place voices coming from the side and they withstood it with “Geh”. For the sake of not waking up the young girl.

“I have things I want to hear from you and any words outside of the answer are unneeded. Retorts are unforgivable, if jokes are said I’ll destroy you, and if lies are enumerated don’t think about this place’s survival. At that time, not a single person’s life will be left, alright?”

Saying this using a voice with an anger that definitely can be felt, despite being quiet, every villager simultaneously gulped and understood. Likely, they must have felt fear on an instinctive level. Despite spending these few days together, the Dragunir with a friendly existence was in no ways here.

The villagers did nothing beyond silently nodding.



By the time the villager’s interrogation, er, questioning was finished, the night already wore on considerably. Georg, like before, was still holding the Tigermen tribe’s young girl in his arms. It seems she doesn’t have a name.

Collecting what he heard, it seems in this country, or at least this continent, humans treat demi-humans as a kind of livestock. Why are they like this despite naturally having human intelligence with strength practically surpassing humans? The rumor says it’s the obvious result of having low numbers.

The exact populations of both humans and beast people naturally are not established, but at least right now, the beast people can't be more than 1 to 100 with humans. With this, in a large city with a scale of 10,000 people, the amount of beast people bought, raised, and treated as slaves by nobles and merchants, or wealthy farmers with large amounts of land collectively should be around 100. Villages organized by beast people were hunted down across the board by humans in the last century and nowadays practically don't exist. The few beast people are also leading a life of danger everyday from humans.

As for why their numbers were reduced to that point, in this continent's most prosperous religion called the Harmit School, there is a teaching that beast people are a symbol of sin due to being born as an error between human and beasts. This created a lot of oppression and discrimination, and up from there the beast people have been declining. The Harmit School is a religion born during the times when war spread to various places in the continent, when a saint continuing to advocate anti-war, love, and peace, Harmit, was said to have revived. Hearing that Georg laughed scornfully because it was an unthinkable funny story that a race was destroyed because of people singing praises of peace and love.

And then, after hearing similar unbearable words after that endlessly, Georg finally made a decision.

"I'll gather all of this country's, no, this continent's beast people, and build a paradise-like country for them. No, not only just what's necessary for the beast people, but a country assembling every race the humans call and scorn as demi-human. I'll end the world only humans can enjoy..."

This isn't something simple that can be done just by having power. Where should the base be put, how should they flourish there, how they can increase the population, and in what way can they reform the recognition of humans?

There is a huge pile of questions. Of course, there are many things he can solve using power. But the reality is there are things he can't do with only his power.

But then there isn't much time to worry about it. There are people unreasonably killed with force elsewhere during times like today..

"Nn...kufu..."

In his arms, the young girl slightly stirred, her sleeping breath rising.

“...I’ll do it. I’ll give up around 100, 200 years of my uselessly long life.”

It might just be his self-righteousness. It might just become the act of stealing assets and handled people from humans. But even if he understands this, if he were to ask whether he can or cannot pardon them, he can’t. Stealing assets from humans with force might just be the same act as humans stealing rights from the beast people right now. But even then.

<Even for such a young girl, this is a common sense of allowing no resistance to an anguished, painful life. Is this something that can be forgiven...?”>

While checking his decisions, he strokes the young girl.

The figure of him affectionately stroking the young girl’s head while smiling gently was like an older brother and younger sister. It was also like a parent and child...

CHAPTER 11

FAMILY

“Nn...a...re...?”

Hearing a voice coming from below his face, Georg woke up.

Last night, freed of his feelings of staying in the village, he held the young girl, went to the nearby forest, sat leaning on a suitable tree, and made it his sleeping place. Of course, because he took off his armor, the young girl did not sleep on the floor but rather on his lap pillow. (He can't deny there were sort of some thoughts of side benefits)

“...Did you wake up?”

In order to avoid frightening her, he greeted her as gently as possible. Her memories were probably interrupted at yesterday's violent jeers and violence. And it seems his predictions were right.

“Eh?...Ah!”

Jumping up to her feet in a panic, she put distance between Georg, who was too close, pressed her head against the floor, and then.

“Iamsorryiamsorryiamsorrymyapologiessopleaseforgivemepleaseiamsorryiamsorry iamsorry...”

Georg was at a loss towards the young girl who was apologizing while crying.

<For such a young girl to be like this...humans?...>

Unconsciously, the hands placed on his legs gripped tightly. The anger which was once settled, flared up again. Calming down after taking slow deep breaths, Georg turned towards the young girl who was still apologizing.

“...It's fine.”

Even after saying this, the young girl still hasn't stopped apologizing.

"It's fine...please stop...it's already fine."

Saying this again and laying his hands on her shoulder, the young girl let out a short scream of "Hii!!", her body quivering and eyes closed.

Why did so many tears come out of such an excessively pitiful figure.

He was troubled by what to do with his hand on her shoulder. Probably to the girl, other people might be things that only bring pain to herself. However, he thought he must not let her possess such a recognition. He doesn't understand the reasons well. He sure doesn't have the time to think about it.

By the time he realized it, he strongly drew the girl towards him, and hugged her.

"Hi...-o!!...noo..."

The young girl writhed in his arms, nails raised, biting his shoulder. But something like this had no effect on his body. Even if it was effective, he wouldn't let go.

"It's alright, I won't let you go through any more scary experiences and painful things, and your pretty ears and tail won't be lost again, so be at ease. Calm down, you're not alone anymore."

He used light magic with his hands wrapped around her back. It wasn't for healing injuries, but for calming her down. Georg continued to repeat his words over until the young girl calmed down. With his protecting strength as a Dragunir, the villagers won't be able to put their hands on her ears and tail anymore. He continued to say any words he could think of.



"Did you calm down?"

"...Yes."

Roughly 10 minutes have passed. He wanted the young girl to regain her calm by herself as much as possible, and stopped using magic after she calmed down to some extent. It was probably why the time it took prolonged, but he has no regrets.

“I’ll let go but...don’t run away, ok?”

“I won’t do something... like running away...”

“I see...”

After this short exchange, Georg released the girl from his arms. Looking at her after they separated, her eyes were red.

“Sorry, you had those unpleasant experiences. But I swear the words I said are the truth.”

“...”

“You aren’t something like livestock, nor are you an object, nor are you a human’s, no, anyone’s possession. It’s alright for you to choose for yourself, act for yourself, and live for yourself. If you’re scared being alone, or if you want someone to trust in, I’ll become that for you. I’ll stay by your side. Not as a leader or a master, but as a friend, a partner, or family. So...”

“Will you...believe in me?”

The young girl who was silently listening opens her mouth.

“But I am...a beast person?...For me, who is a lowly hybrid of beasts and humans...”

“What is lowly. If such an idiotic rumor causes you sorrow, I’ll use this long life to wipe it out.”

“I-...I...will greatly depend on you.”

“Depend on me, you should still be at the age where it’s allowed. And what’s bad about depending on family.”

“Making my ears and tail pretty, saving me from despair, giving me such gentle words, I probably won’t separate from you. Even if you think it’s unpleasant or annoying, I’ll follow you the whole time.”

“That’s what I want, no, rather I never thought of separating?”

“Also...also...”

With a thundering voice, Georg told the young girl who kept repeating contradictory, self-torturing words.

“No more buts, and alsos. Didn’t I say? You have the right to choose for yourself, act for yourself, and live for yourself. What do you want to do? As an equal existence, I respect your decision, and that’s all there to it. So, choose. Confess the first choice, the first desire of your life.”

Saying up to there, the young girl sank into silence, and there was a pause. After a short time.

“...to live.”

“I can’t hear you.”

“...I want to live.”

“That’s it?”

“I want to...live with you.”

“Your voice is quiet.”

“With you!! With you who saved me and gave me everything!! I want to go together!! Live together!! No matter where, together!...together...”

“Nn, well said.”

He hugged the young girl, who started shedding tears again, this time gently as if tucking her into feathers. She also hugged, clinging onto him. Georg caressed the young girl’s hair gently.

“A crybaby family member has been raised.”

“...It’s too late...for regrets.”

“Who would do that idiot. Same for you, have you resolved yourself to the fullest? It will become a bit busy after this.”

“Why...is that?”

“What, just changing the world a little.”

“...?”

Like this, the world’s two member family started.

In the future, these two people’s names were left in many history books, but that’s not a story for now.

CHAPTER 12

NAME

After crying for a while, the young girl looked up at Georg's face while sniffing.

"Umm..."

"What is it?"

"Is...it really okay for me to follow you...?"

"What is it at this point, why is there someone hesitating even though I approved of your wish?"

"After all...I am a beast person...if we're together I'll cause you troubl-..."

"It's nice having lots of trouble. If it's family, that's probably normal. Those words are already unnecessary, and if there's something, it's for when you wish to separate from me."

"I don't wish for something like that!!"

"Then it's alright. Leaving that aside, you should decide a name soon."

"A...a...name?"

"Ahh, if I always call you "you", it sets a bad example to others as family right?"

"Family...my...family..."

Even though it was said many times up until now, she didn't actually feel it yet and as if digesting it, muttered it while looking down.

"Nn, You are...oh right, how old are you?"

"I don't know exactly...probably, only around 14, 15..."

“Then, a little sister. I’m only a 17 year-old youngster, but I’ll support my one little sister.”

“Se-...Seventeen years old!?”

The reason for her surprise is because Georg looked older.

But in relation to his appearance, there was no helping it because of the Dragunir race’s typical characteristics. A Dragunir’s growth at birth is fast, about 4 times that of humans. In short, a 5 year-old has the physique and intelligence of an average human adult, and around 7 years, the typical Dragunir approaches its most mature state. From there the appearance will stay unchanging and preserved for close to 1700 to 1800 years.

This can be said as their disposition which excels extraordinarily at defending against foreign invaders. They possess a short period of being weak and young and a long state of being extremely resilient.

“Ahh, so there isn’t a big difference in our years lived. Also beast people, properly speaking, have a life span of about 150 years, so after this it looks like we’ll have a long relationship.”

“Ha-...Hai!!”

This is his declaration to fulfill the young girl’s entire life span. Noticing this, the young girl answered delightfully while her tail swung. Quite an adorable smile and action.

<It can’t be anything other than this...>

For one reason or another, even he became happy and smiled. He finally saw this beast person’s smile, and if a smile was pulled out from him, his mood has become a bit cheerful.

“Well...then the name...what should it be. Are there any names you’re contemplating?”

“None...since I have never received a name ever since I’ve been born...”

“I see...”

“Yes...then if it’s alright with you...no, I want you to give me a name...”

“ ...”

His back started feeling uneasy.

“...Don’t expect much from my naming sense alright?”

“It’s okay, I believe in you.”

“Oufu...”

This unconditional hurdle is casually difficult.

<As expected it can’t be something like “Tama”... in the first place I never even thought of marriage as a kid, so to name someone...I have nothing but another foreign one?...Impossible, nope, but I don’t want to betray her expectations...>

(TL: Tama is the stereotypical name given to a pet cat)

After worrying for a moment while groaning, Georg said it as if squeezing it out.

“...Ferris.”

“Eh?”

“Ferris, Ferris Stanford. Georg Stanford’s little sister and only family member.”

In the end, what he dragged out was a game character’s name. Not only that, but the name of the heroine who was tied together with the character Georg to the end.

“Ferris...Ferris...yes. As of today, I am Georg Stanford’s little sister, Ferris Stanford!!”

A young girl whose expression lit up and turned towards him with a radiant smile, Ferris.

<...I won’t say it, that it’s a misappropriation of characters I know, or the like, I won’t say it no matter what...>

(TL: Misappropriation: the intentional, illegal use of the property or funds of another person for one’s own use or other unauthorized purpose...from Wikipedia)

In front of Ferris, who repeatedly murmured the name he gave her while shaking her tail with a “bunbun”, Georg was secretly sweating unpleasantly.



“Alright, we should go soon.”

“Eh?...t-, to the village?”

To Ferris, whose expression suddenly darkened, Georg set up a confusing denial.

“Nope, we’re never going to that village again. For now, it’s an aimless journey to find a purpose.”

“I...see.”

Ferris breathed a relieved sigh. As expected, the memories in that village thoroughly became trauma. He thought about what would happen if he took her out without any permission, but he saw a future where the young girl would die in the near future if she was left alone as is. Besides, the village certainly might have seen Ferris as property, but he should have given a favor of higher value to the villagers.

“Well, there’s also a time to thoroughly sort out this world...”

“...?”

“What, just a monologue.”

While staying at that village, he had who knows how much time to sort out the common knowledge and information concerning this world inside his head. Among them, he had hunting knowledge, and game processing methods (at that time he became aware that the Dragunir are like hunters), and they shouldn’t end up in the situation like when he arrived.

“Well, for the time being, the discovery and cultivation of a base-like location, and after that the securing of a fitting population for the production of an ideal utopia.”

“...?...I don’t really understand, but I’ll try my best!!”

George replied while smiling to Ferris, who immediately raised an energetic voice after tilting her head to the side cutely.

“Nn, very well. Well, it’s time we go, little sister.”

“Yes, nii-san!!”

The two people stood up. Then.

“...But before that, we need to supply new clothes for you, Ferris.”

“Eh?...Ah, kyaa!!”

Recovery magic can’t fix the clothing tattered from violence. Honestly, Georg felt slightly excited looking directly at Ferris’ appearance after she stood up. What a disorganized pair.

